

Lillian Russell's Racing Comedy

Wildfire

Made Into a Serial Story for The Evening World

By John Murray

Founded on "Wildfire," a racing comedy by George Broadhurst and George V. Hobart, now running at the Liberty Theatre.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER.
Henrietta Barrington, a beautiful young widow, inherits her husband's racing stable. Under the name of "John Duffy," she enters a colt named "Wildfire" in the autumn of the year. Her father, Mr. Barrington, is a wealthy man who has been in the racing business for many years. He is a very successful breeder and has won many races. He is now in the process of selling the stable to his daughter, Henrietta. The story follows the adventures of Henrietta as she takes over the stable and enters "Wildfire" in the races.

CHAPTER II.

Who Owns the Duffy Stable?

"A TELEGRAM for you, sir," Ralph crumpled the telegram in his hand, frowning as he did so. Myrtle, quick to observe any change in his countenance, asked him: "No bad news, is it, Ralph?" Still confused, he replied: "No, indeed." "Am I to have a reply, sir?" broke in Henrietta. "No, Henrietta." To relieve the tension, Janet sought to change the subject of conversation. "What a jolly crowd your sister has! I think it's about the nicest house party she ever had!" Myrtle replied: "I think that Mr. Almsworth is one of the dearest men I—"

CHAPTER III.

The Man From the West.

FOR a moment the four young people were alone; that is, they were alone, without the presence of a third party to make a crowd. To begin the small talk Bertie made the comment: "What a ripping party we had last night. Don't you think so?" "I liked that automobile chap, Sanderson immensely!" "He is a nice man," chimed in Myrtle. "Speaking of nice men, what's the matter with John Garrison?" "Nothing that I can see," agreed Janet. "He was born and educated in the east, but mining lured him west soon after he got out of college. He struggled along for several years in all sorts of camps, then struck it rich, and came back to enjoy his money in a civilized community."

CHAPTER IV.

Mid-Lent.

DELICATE luminous shadow banded her eyes; her hair, partly in shadow, too, became a sombre mystery in rose gold. "Whatever are you staring at?" she laughed. "Me? I don't believe it! Never have you so honored me with your fixed attention, Capt. Selwyn. You're really gazing at me as though I were interesting. And I know you don't consider me that, do you?" "How old are you, anyway?" he asked curiously. "Thank you, I'll be delighted to inform you when I'm twenty."

CHAPTER V.

Mid-Lent.

"And you," she said, "talk like a frivolous sage, and your wisdom is as weighty as the years you carry. And what is the answer to that? Do you know, Captain Selwyn, that when you talk to me this way you look about as inexperienced as Gerald?" "And do you know," he said, "that I feel as inexperienced when I talk to you this way?" She nodded. "It's probably good for us both; I age, you renew the frivolous days of youth when you were young enough to notice the color of a girl's hair and eyes. Besides, I'm very grateful to you. Hereafter you won't dare sit about and cross your knees and look like the picture of an inattentive young man by Gerson. You've admitted that you like two of my features, and I shall expect you to notice and admit that you notice the rest."

A Revelation of New York Society

THE YOUNGER SET

(Copyright, 1907, by Robert W. Chambers.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

Capt. Philip Selwyn, of an old New York family, has returned from the army because his wife, Alice, drove him to marry Jack Rutledge, a cotton leader. Returning to New York, Selwyn frequently meets the Rutledges. Alice still secretly loves him. Selwyn is living with Gerald Erroll at his house. Selwyn begs Alice to prevent this, for the sake of Gerald's children. Selwyn and Erroll talk apart from the others, after dinner.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued.)

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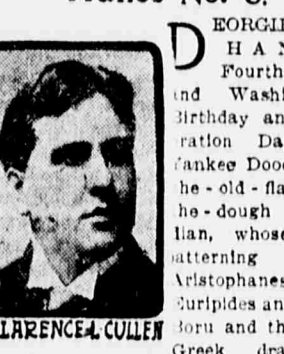
The Newlyweds--Their Baby--George McManus



Pipe Trances --:- Press Agents

By Clarence Cullen.

Trance No. 8.



CLARENCE CULLEN

discourse selections like "It's a Grand Old Rag," and other inspiring patriotic compositions written by Mr. Dohan himself. Mr. Dohan, by the way, is thinking of purchasing Mount Vernon, the old home of George Washington in Virginia, and converting the place into a manufactory of American flags for use in his own productions. The matter is in abeyance, however, until it is ascertained if there be enough room on the large Mount Vernon estate for the erection of a plant of sufficient size to permit of enough flags being made there to meet Mr. Dohan's enormous requirements in this respect.

Trance No. 9.

CONFIDENTIAL, to Dramatic Editors: Miss Anna Jeld, whose season is about to open, desires the press to know that this year she will do none of the following things: Lose her diamonds or find anybody else's. Take giraffe milk baths. Allow any "well-known clubman" to thrash a Johnnie for her at the stage entrance.



A Corsage Ornament.

Dine exclusively on persimmons for the attainment of a Cupid smile. Refuse to live at the Chicago hotel that declines to receive her nine pet hippopotami. Win \$75,000 on the curb market in a little pyramid plan on the advice of a "world-renowned financier." Wear a hooded cobra as a corsage ornament. Minister nobly unto the wounded and dying when she gets onto a railroad track. Discover that she is descended from Godfrey de Bullion, the Gascon. Drop through a coal hole the \$300,000 emerald, containing on its surface forty engraved verses from the Koran, given to her by the Bluff-Buff of Beet-It. Almost fall from the rear platform of her private car into a Rocky Mountain gorge 7,000 feet deep. &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

Drew Distinction.

HE was once a boy of twelve, and his sister was about to be married, and the wedding breakfast was to be served by a caterer, an entirely new experience for the brother. In his anxiety lest he shouldn't get his share of the good things, he asked his sister about it, and she, of course, assured him that he could have all he wanted to eat. After she returned home he asked him how he fared, and if he had eaten all he wanted. He replied: "I didn't eat all I wanted, but I ate all I could!"—Chicago Journal.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Eight-Gored Skirt—Pattern No. 6039.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 122 East Twenty-third Street, New York. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.



The Garb of Uncle Sam.

Go Roll 'Er Hoop," from his study in the hotel to the street. While engaged in writing his American-flag-and-the-corn-forever plays, Mr. Dohan, whose patriotism, as everybody knows, amounts almost to an obsession or a disease, always wears the karai, in satin, of Uncle Sam, even to the chin whiskers (whiskers furnished by Hepner), and to further intensify the patriotic atmosphere of his study, Mr. Dohan occasionally tosses down the pen to throw magic lantern slides of the Boston Tea Party and the Bad Winter at Valley Forge and Washington Crossing the Delaware and the Surrender of Cornwallis on a screen at the end of the study, while nine phonographs (phonographs furnished by Sol Bloom)

They discussed, or laughed at, or mentioned and dismissed with a gesture a thousand matters of common interest in that swift, how-incredibly swift, unless the half clock's deadened chiming were mocking Time itself with mischievous mockery.

She heard them, the enchantment still in her eyes; he nodded, listening, meeting her gaze with his smile undisturbed. When the last chime had sounded she lay back among her cushions.

"Thank you for staying," she said quite happily.

"Am I to go?"

Smilingly thoughtful she considered him from her pillows:

"Where were you going when I—spoiled it all? For you were going somewhere—out there—with a gesture toward the darkness outside—some-where where men go to have the good times they always seem to have."

"Was it to your club? What do men do there? Is it very gay at men's clubs?"

"It must be interesting to go where men have such jolly times—where men gather to talk that mysterious man-talk which we so often wonder at—and pretend we are indifferent. But we are very curious, nevertheless—even about the boys of Gerald's age—whom we laugh at and torment, and we can't help wondering how they talk to each other—what they say that is so interesting; for they somehow manage to convey that impression to us—even against our will."

"If you stay, I shall never have done with chatting. When you sit there with one lazy knee so leisurely draped over the other, and your eyes laughing at me through your cigar-smoke, about a mil-

lion ideas flash up in me which I desire to discuss with you. . . . So you had better go."

"I am happier here," he said, watching her.

"Really?"

"Really."

"Then—then—am I, also, one of the 'good times' a man can have—when he is at liberty to reflect and choose as he likes over his coffee?"

"A man is fortunate if you permit that choice."

"Are you serious? I mean a man, not a boy—not a dance or dinner partner, or one of the men one meets about—everywhere from pillar to post. Do you think me interesting to real men—like you and Boots?"

"Yes," he said deliberately. "I do. I don't know how interesting, because I never quite realized how—how you had matured. . . . That was my stupidity."

"Capt. Selwyn!" in confused triumph: "you never gave me a chance; I mean, you always were nice—in the same way you are to Drina. . . . I liked it—don't please misunderstand—only I knew there was something else to me—something more nearly your own age. It was jolly to know you were really fond of me—but youthful sisters grow now, when you come. I shall venture to believe it is not wholly to do me a kindness—but a little to do yourself one, too. Is that not the basis of friendship?"

"Yes."

"Community and equality of interests— isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And—in which—the charity of superior experience and the attention

"Answer to 'Hi' Or to a loud cry?"

"But I won't answer to 'Hi'!" she retorted very promptly; "and now that you admit that I am a 'good time,' a mature individual with distinguishing characteristics, and your intellectual equal if not your peer in experience, I'm not sure that I shall answer at all whenever you begin 'Eileen' Or I shall take my time about it—or I may even reflect and look straight through you before I reply—or," she added, "I may be so profoundly preoccupied with important matters which do not concern you that I might not even hear you speak at all."

(To Be Continued.)